

THE LADY'S
OR,
WEEKLY



MISCELLANY;
THE
VISITOR.

FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

VOL. XIV.]

Saturday, March 7,.....1812.

[NO. 20.

EXTRACTED.
FROM
*THE FOUNDLING OF
BELGRADE.*

Too soon I knew the condition into which I was plunged. For the first time I learned that those who had nourished my infancy, and guided me along the slippery paths I had trodden, were no kindred of mine. A foundling, abandoned by an unnatural mother, they pitied my hapless fate, adopted me as their son, and bore to me those duties which profligacy denied. Ten years had seen me the inmate of their peaceful cottage. Ten annual suns that cottage blessed. Twas the anniversary of that day which gave me to their embraces—that very morn in heaven's chancery, was recorded their annual obligations of protection—that very morn our holy prophet had received their daily blessing for so sweet a solace to their declining years; and was it to be the last! The damned messenger of evil stood before me! O! that my unlucky destiny should shut the door against my return in Turkey—yes, good old Morad, I would

seek thee once again, and by my presence give thy wife and thee full ten years longer being. I wept, I sobbed, I was frantic. The monster who stood near me had a huge scimitar by his side. Already my imagination saw it stained with blood; and regarding me as the destined victim of a remorseless assassin, I flew for refuge into the arms of my hoary protector. This transaction was in the vicinity of Belgrade, where lived the honest Morad.

I was only ten years old when this happened. At an age thus tender was I torn from all I revered, to be hurried away from the scenes of every former bliss. A second time to be thrown destitute upon the world.

Lashed behind my conductor, we rode through an unfrequented country; the ensuing evening and the following day, we were still pursuing our journey stopping only for a change of horses and refreshment. My conductor preserved an uniform silence; nor was I much inclined to provoke explanations from one whose appearance was enough to create alarm. The moon had just peeped

above the horizon as we entered between the cliffs of a rugged mountain. Wild and desolate as was the country through which he carried me, the scenery of the past was unequalled by the dreary waste which now surrounded us. The deep and hollow caverns, the dismal excavations from convulsed nature, on either side, re-echoed in appalling fear the clattering of the horses' feet, and the moon beams playing upon the shaggy brushwood of thin uneven surface, seemed to animate each rustling briar, ~~h~~azing the tinged object to some visionary phantom. Even my conductor, emblem of undaunted villainy as he was, discovered symptoms of uneasiness. Such a situation is the touch-stone of a depraved mind. The good man may fear the attack of a relentless bandit; but the heart stained with impurities feels sensations of another cast. The sum total of its enormities flush convicted on the memory, the guilty catalogue fastens on his mind, self-accusation stings the conscience with the venom of remorse, and a belief of supernatural agency, draws the strayed culprit to his God again! I heard him utter a short orison to his prophet--he prayed *forgiveness*, and as the word ALLA burst from his repentant lips, a bullet, fired from an adjoining thicket, brought him to the ground! The horse, frantic at the flash, flew forward at full speed, carrying me along with him unable to direct his course, till a second shot broke the

leg of the unruly animal. He plunged and snorted, but soon fell in the agony of his mangled limb. I struggled hard to free myself from the saddle, in the hope of concealing myself from the ruffians; but pinioned and bruised by the horse, I lay incapable of exertion until I was released by my pursuers. Abandoning myself to the idea of inevitable destruction, I swooned away in the gripe of those who now were masters of my life. But I was not long suffered to remain insensible to what was going forward. The moment it was ascertained I was more frightened than injured they kindly anointed the bruise, with a lotion they possessed, and seating me behind one of them upon a fresh horse, we galloped forward with full speed. I had escaped one alarm to be precipitated into another; but the solicitude discovered by my present foe for the safety of my person, considerably abated my former fears. I was not without considerable apprehensions for the issue of the adventure; but in consideration of my youth, and the cheering expressions by which they sought to animate my dejected spirits as we traversed the winding mazes of the mountains, my alarm had pretty well subsided by the time we reached the end of our journey. It was near the break of day when we arrived in front of the platform of an extensive fortification. The sentinels from the outworks hailed us as we approached; and having

passed the countersign along the ramparts within, the words "all's well" reverberated from the different towers to the gate where the draw-bridge opened to us admission. I was conducted through a deep enfilade, whose echoes to the din and bustle of the soldiery from within, assured me of the strength and magnitude of the fortress. This enfilade was crowded with all sorts of warlike instruments, defended from without by a double gate charged with chevaux-de-frise. It was not to appearance, however, the principle passage to the garrison; it seemed rather, from the few soldiers we met, to be a private one leading to the apartments of the governor whither it at length conducted us. Hitherto I had no opportunity of examining particularly the appearance of my guides. They wore the uniforms of our turkish spahis, but whether I was in the hands of the rebellious Oglou (as I knew not the quarter of the country we were in) was impossible to guess. A gloomy silence, unbroken but by a cheering assurance of my safety, and some few inquiries after my condition, had been preserved throughout our journey.

We entered a saloon through whose lofty windows the sun was just peeping to discover the rich drapery and splendid magnificence of a princely palace. Here I was left to the solitary indulgence of reflections indescribable. I looked

back upon the peaceful habitation I had been torn from. I compared its simple furniture with the grandeur which encompassed me. I thought of the produce of the last two short days and wondered what was in reserve. Supplied with every necessary I required, I needed nothing in the peaceful dwelling from whence I had been torn. Happy as the day was long, I had to learn what it was to be unfortunate satisfied in all respects with those to whom I had been habituated—treated with kindness and affection I was unambitious of exalted birth. What had now beset me? but two short days and I had a father and a mother to cherish, to protect, and whose delight it was to make me ever happy—I was now an orphan—before the dawn of puberty completely destitute; kidnapped by a miscreant and thus providentially rescued from his odious purposes! I was young and my suspicions of danger corresponded with the bent of my years. Easily excited, alarm subsided with the terrors of the moment. The country I had travelled through; the mysterious object of my journey, & the doubtful character of those in whose hands my life was now a stake, were enough to excite alarm. But contrasted with the magnificence which surrounded me, and estimating character by the affluence of the individual, my unsuspecting mind began to experience a degree of composure which finally quieted all apprehension.

My conductor now entered in earnest conversation with one whose majestic air, and splendid costume, bespoke the governor of the faithful.

'Behold, most mighty,' cried the former, as they approached, 'the boy whose life our holy prophet destined us to save!'

'Tis well' replied the other, throwing himself into a sofa, 'Has-san leave us for awhile. Come to me my son—unbosom your distress—tell me all you know—fear no danger at our hands, I'll protect you, and should I have the power, I'll give you back in safety to your family.'

My young heart expanded—fear instantly died away in the security which these benign accents inspired. I approached him without dread. I wept but they were tears of joy. His arms were thrown open to receive me; he caressed me, intreated me to banish all fear and all reserve, and seating me by his side, again asked me to tell him all I knew.

My story was short. I dwelt upon no incident in particular. It was told in all the simplicity of youth; but it possessed sufficient interest to awaken the sympathy of him who listened. He was deeply affected by the *naïveté* of the narration. A tear forced a passage from the reluctant eyelid, and as if struggling to conceal a weakness was loath to own, he retired

from the sofa to the farthest window in the saloon.

A sumptuous breakfast was now served up, to which he condescended to invite me. My appetite was keen, as you may well believe, and I saw before me variety in profusion to consult in order to please a less indifferent palate. The conversation chiefly regarded myself. He expressed his astonishment at the progress made in my education, and spoke much of the merit of those who had superintended my studies. The turkish language was what I had commonly used: but a tolerable latin and greek scholar, I knew the Scythian, Sclavonian, and Persian, with a little German. French, Italian, nor Spanish I knew nothing off; but those he told me were easily acquired.

'From all I can learn,' he added, 'there is some impenetrable mystery attending your birth. I think you said that those who had charge of you lived secluded from the world, enjoying but a confined circle of acquaintance. That without parade and far from the indications of affluence, they seemed ever to have abundance at their control, indulging you in whatever superfluity your fancy chose to demand. Much mystery is in the tale you have given; but I shall bestow some pains in order to detect the truth. In the mean time, Ahmed, for such is the name I had hitherto known, you must remain with us. I cannot suffer you,

he continued, ‘to roam abroad the unfriended orphan. From this moment I adopt you as my son. I have the power and the inclination to protect you. With me you will be safe from the pursuit of those who too evidently seek your life: in me recover the lost caresses of an abandoned father. Having rescued you from one danger, I shall screen you from another. We may yet discover your real parents; in the meanwhile be it my province to perform the duties their profligacy denies you. What says my boy? can you confide in my assurances—will you trust to my protection and remain with me? A soldier by profession, I’ll teach you the art of war; and by inuring you to the fatigue and hardships of a campaign, animate your bosom with that love of glory which victorious intrepidity inspires.’

Charmed by the picture he drew, my young mind was kindled with an ambitious ardor hitherto untasted. His words spoke music to my soul. In a moment imagination already crowned me with the laurels of victory, and the din of arms marshalled up the proud trophies of glorious warfare. At that instant the kettle-drum and bugle resounded from below, and seemed to blazen forth the fancied conquest I had gained—my heart beat in rapturous ecstasy, and I vaulted from my seat to seize the banner of my fallen foe!

(To be Continued.)

SELECTED.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

Yea, they shall sing in the ways of the Lord; for great is the glory of the Lord.

Psalm cxxxviii. 5.

THE subject that is introduced by these words is so pleasant and important, that it justly demands and deserves a more thorough consideration than we were able to bestow upon it in our former discourse. Having before mentioned some reasons, which the truly pious experience, for singing in the ways of the Lord, it is now proposed to consider the principal and most permanent foundation of Christian enjoyment. This is distinctly mentioned in the latter clause of our text—‘*for great is the glory of the Lord.*’ The glory of the Lord is his goodness. For when Moses said unto God, ‘I beseech thee, shew me thy glory;’ he said unto Moses—‘I will make all my goodness pass before thee.’ The greatest of Divine goodness is the highest and purest fountain of the joys of the righteous. But who can describe the goodness of God? The beloved disciple gives the most perfect description of the Divine excellence and glory, when he says—‘*God is love.*’ The goodness of God is self-existent. All the goodness that ever exists in other beings will forever be wholly dependent on the Supreme Being. The goodness of God is immutable. It has no ‘variableness nor

shadow of turning.' But the goodness of all other beings is mutable; and cannot be continued nor increased without constant communications from the immutable benevolence of Jehovah. The goodness of God is everlasting. When did Divine goodness commence its existence? When shall Divine goodness cease to exist? But what shall we say of the goodness of men, or of the goodness of angels? Compared with the Divine eternity, it is but a moment since the angels sang creating goodness: It is but a moment since the angels sang redeeming mercy, the goodness of God is invincible. It cannot be defeated in any of its exertions or designs. The goodness of God is infinite.

The manifestation of Divine goodness constitutes the *declarative glory* of God. And in this respect 'great is the glory of the Lord.' For all creation proclaims his great and holy name. The dispensations of Divine Providence are perpetual exhibitions of Divine goodness. Hence in view of such scenes as are most gloomy and sorrowful in themselves, the seraphim cried and said—"Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts; the whole earth is full of his glory." But, however great the Divine glory may appear in creation and Providence, yet God designs in the redemption of his people to 'make known the riches of his glory on the vessels of mercy, which he had afore prepared unto glory.' At the birth

of the great and blessed Redeemer there was with the angel, who announced the joyful event, a 'multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men.'

In the redemption of his people God will manifest his self-existent, independent, immutable, everlasting, invincible and infinite benevolence. But what, exclaims the infidel, has yet been done for the accomplishment of such a purpose? Art thou, replies the believer, a stranger in the universe? and dost thou know nothing of what God has wrought for the glory of his name in the redemption of his people? Come, then, and sit at the feet of Jesus and hear his words. Learn from his lips the designs and operations of Divine goodness. Then you will perceive that the wonders of creation, and the greater wonders of Providence, are wholly subservient to the glories of redeeming wisdom, power, goodness, mercy and faithfulness.—'Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King. Yea they shall sing in the ways of the Lord; for great is the glory of the Lord.'

SELECTED

For the Lady's Miscellany.

INTOXICATION.

When men suffer themselves to be subdued by intoxication, have

we not reason to suppose them lost to shame—to their families—to society.

In some instances this habit is brought on by loss of property, by disappointment in a favoured object—at other times by natural inclination—in the latter case they appear more criminal than in the former, but in either they have no just excuse.

What can be more awful than to behold a man with his *silvered locks*, giving himself up to one of the most absurd habits, *intoxication*? The man whose features fully speak an over-night's intemperance, cannot say that it was an unmixed pleasure. Perhaps, while he was seated around the festive board, his partner was at home bathing the dear pledges of her heart with tears—tears, which are occasioned by his absence—tears, which voluntarily flow from the eye of affection:—And when he returns from the seat of intemperance, he frequently tramples with the dust those affections he has sworn to cherish—his tender offspring surround him with their innocent smiles;—but he is insensible of his duty towards them; he has placed himself far below the brute. The man who can withstand this must have a heart of adamant—he must be insensible of those ties which united him to his help-mate—he must be blind to those affections which are due from fellow-mortals to fellow-mortals.

What can be more abusive to the understanding of human nature, than beholding a young man in the prime of life, bowing his neck to the tyrannical yoke of intoxication? Too often are parents, with their grey hairs, sent down to the grave with sorrow, on account of their offspring treading in the path of intemperance. Do, my youthful friends, permit me to caution you against this vicious habit—a habit which has no claim to honor—a habit which places you lower than the beast of the forest—a habit which is, above all others degrading to man.

Various have been the instances of promising children being ruined by their parents' suffering themselves to be subdued by intoxication. They looking up to them for example, and seeing that intoxication is their constant habit, it becomes theirs—and this paves the way for other habits, which prove fatal to them—prove their ruin.

Oh! my aged friends, who have children, be cautious how you trample upon their virtue—it is you, that ought to be a mirror to them—it is you, from whom they receive the gaft, and should it prove to be evil fruit, the fault rests upon your shoulders.

I would fain pass, unnoticed one class, but duty forbids it, that is the fair sex.—Alas! we find some of this sex walking hand in hand with the sons of intemperance. The sex which is the flow-

er of human nature, has some attached to it, who frequently swallow the bitter draught—who have lost all claim to that rank which the sex are justly entitled to. Oh! reader, this subject is too delicate for the pen of one who has experienced troubles, the relation of which would melt a heart of stone, therefore I must leave you to make your own remarks. A. Z.

From the Desk of Poor Robert the Scribe.

"Easier coaxed than driven."

When I made my last visit to Applebury, I put off going to see my old friend Luke Thornbury, and for the best reason in the world. Luke and his wife used to quarrel the live long day, and it is'nt very pleasant to visit where 'I wont my dear,' and 'I'll see the devil take you first, my love,' make half the conversation. But Luke and I had always been on the best terms, and as for that matter, Mrs. Thornbury and I, were never at variance.

So one fine afternoon, it was I think the 25th of October, one thousand eight hundred and ten, just at half past three o'clock, that I rapped at the front door of the new house. And now while they are coming to open the door, I take time to tell you that every thing around it wore another guess appearance than when I was last at the farm. The garden fences were painted white—and the side walks ornamented with a row of

handsome poplars. In the little yard, in front of the house, the rose and the snow ball trees, scattering their leafy honor to the frosts of Autumn, indicated, from the neatness with which they were trimmed, that the mind of the mistress was enough at ease to attend to such interesting trifles. And the old house dog came wagging his tail around me, telling me as plain as a dog could tell, 'you are welcome.'—The nice observer need not be told of such things.—'Walk in.' My good old friend that moment met me. Instead of that lean, half starved—heh-pocked looking fellow he seemed ten years ago—why sir, he was ruddy and as fat as a turtle-fed alderman. He gave me that sort of cordial reception, which told, rather by the eye and the pressure of the hand, than by words, that I was welcome. And Mrs. Thornbury too, seemed delighted to see me.

What an alteration! His wife was as happy a looking woman as I had seen in all Applebury. They both, I could perceive, remarked my surprise, at the perfect accordance of opinion and harmony of action in the house. After tea, the 'squire invited me to walk and see his new flock of Merines. While together he took occasion to mention the matter.—' You seem, said he smiling, a little surprised at the harmony which prevails between myself and Mrs. Thornbury. Family affairs I do not often make a subject of conversation, but as you

were one of my earliest friends, and used to sympathise with me in the misery of having a cross partner it is due to you to tell the cause of the alteration?—I told him I was much pleased to see the happy change, and could not but be interested to know the cause.

'When Jane and I married,' said he, 'I knew she possessed, with a good share of understanding, a high spirit. I determined to be master at home, and I took high ground, resolved to enforce obedience whenever it should be refused, taking care at the same time to command nothing wherein I had not a right to be obeyed.—if my wife interfered, or interposed her opinion, my pride toook the alarm lest she should wear the breeches, and I would have things to suit myself. Jane grew cross and severe.—I became morose and testy. For some time our life was miserable—my affairs began to get into disorder:—she neglected the things in the house, and I every thing out of doors.—Things all tended to an open rupture, and we resolved at length to part. To part!—It was a dreadful thought. She was the mother of my children: she had good sense—knew how to be a good house wife, and I could not alledge any greater offence against her, than that she would not submit to my government. Many a time in our quarrels she used to tell me, 'Easier coaxed than driven.' The thought struck me that before we finally

separated, *I would alter my plan of management.* *I became the best natured and politest husband in the world.* What a metamorphose. Jenny, said he, and the tear stood in his eye, Jenny became the best natured and most complying wife in Applebury. I took her advice in every matter—she always advised just as I wished. If I got a nice peach from home, I always saved it for her. She requited my attention with fourfold kindness. Was she ill, I was unremitting in my attentions. If I was sick no angel can be kinder. In fine, said my friend, I became in truth, a good husband—and that is the secret, that wrought such a change in my wife; and I do verily believe if other husbands would only remember that a woman is '*easier coaxed than driven,*' there would be infinitely more happiness in the married state.

Mr. Editor

Sir by giving the enclosed enigmatical list of young ladies in your much esteemed Miscellany you will oblige the Author.

An Enigmatical list of young ladies
living in Greenwich Village.

- 1 One third of a fat bully woman and two sevenths of quantity of extent adding a vowel.
- 2 Two thirds of a devil and three fifths of a hollow place.
- 3 The one half of a fisherman one third of a figure worn by Knights of the garter and the half of rapaciousness adding a vowel.

- 4 One third of lustfully and three fourths of a small bundle of straw.
- 5 One half of any noxious animal and a valley adding a letter.
- 6 One half of an old scolding woman adding a letter.
- 7 Any kind of worn out animal and the one half of a tune or music for instruments only.
- 8 Two fifths of a turners tool and the half of a worthless woman adding a letter.
- 9 One half of a body of men united in certain tenets a vowel & half a sailor.
- 10 Half an animal newly taken from its dam one fourth of support and three fourths of externally.

BEDFORD.

Solution is Requested.

A Solution of the list of Beaux, at
Newtown and Hurlgate.

1 More, 2 Fish, 3 Leverich,
4 Suydam, 5 Furman, 6 Lawrence,
7 Benedict, 8 Rapelye,
9 Pinfold, 10 Palmer, 11 Clark,
12 Barclay, 13 Blackwell, 14 Howard,
15 Luyster, 16 Waters,
17 Pohamus, 18 Strang,
19 Greenoch, 20 Field, 21 Totten.

ERATA—in the Enigmatical list of Beaux, of Newtown and Hurlgate, for ‘face of a horse’ read ‘pace’ for the ‘nineteenth part of a hundred’ read ‘tenth.’

Burke County, (N. C.) Jan. 10.

To the Editor of the Raleigh Register,

I herewith communicate to you a brief account of the cause of those dreadful shocks which have lately shaken these mountains to their base, whose foundations were laid when the Almighty Architect first seduced chaos to order.

On the morning of the 16th ultimo, a great smoke was seen to issue from the top of “Spear’s Mountain,” which is detached from that range that extends from the Blue Ridge to Swananoe River, and ends some miles below its junction with French Broad. The great noise that was heard through the day, and continued smoke left no doubt but it was a Volcano that had burst forth during the earthquake. The mountain is conical and insulated ; is base is washed on the west side by French Broad River, on the east side it is separated by a narrow valley (overhung in some places by large rocks) from the ridge called French Broad Mountains ; their bare rocks stunted vegetation and arid surface, show that they long have felt that subterranean fire which probably gave heat to the warm springs and has at last burst out with such dreadful fury. It still continues to burn with great violence, and throws up lava, scoria, ashes, calcined stones and vitrified matter, in great quantities, and with the most tremendous noise.

The quantity of lava discharged at the beginning of the eruption was immense ; it ran down the mountain in a stream of liquid fire for more than three quarters of a mile, and has formed a dam across French Broad River so high as to overflowed about two hundred acres of prime bottomed land, to the great injury of the owners.

In the night time, the ignited stones, cinders, &c. which are thrown two or three hundred feet in the air present a great resemblance to artificial fireworks, such as rockets, &c. During the day a column of whitish smoke issues from the crater ; at night it has a flame-like appearance, and where it has been driven with the wind has withered the small dwarf pine which had taken root in the barren soil of this and the neighbouring mountains ; their bark and leaves are incusted with a yellowish powder, which has an acrid taste and a strong sulphuric smell.

No person has had the courage sufficient to approach the crater ; but those who were acquainted with the top of the mountain before the eruption, say that it was uneven and very rocky. The crater appears (judging by the smoke) to be twenty yards in diameter, and is growing larger. Yesterday a large mass fell in with a greater noise than the loudest artillery ; it shook the country round, and was echoed from the mountains and valleys. The lava where cold, has

the appearance of vitrified basalt. The stone on the mountain is hard and coarse grained, with an uneven conchoidal fracture—but no appearance, of basalt. The scoria are sonorous, have a ferruginous appearance, and show strong magnetic attraction.

Notwithstanding the terror which seized me on viewing this awful sight, I could not help smiling at the credulous simplicity of the people who inhabit the mountains. They viewed it with as much awe and terror as the Children of Israel did Mount Sinai ; Some say the end of Time is arrived, and think the crater is the mouth of the 'bottomless pit,' the fantastic appearances of the electric fluid, which is seen darting in various shapes through the smoke after night, by the help of fancy they transform into spirits, devils &c. These wild ideas have been increased by the declarations of an itinerant preacher, who calls upon them to repent, not in the language of Jonah—' Yet forty days,' &c. but saying, ' Behold the place of punishment for the wicked ?'

In a few days, I shall go and take another view of this western Aetna. It is hoped that it will draw the attention of some geologist or man of science, who will be able to give a correct description of it. I have seen but two pieces of pumice stone. Yours, &c.

JOHN C. EDWARDS.

[The seat of this eruption is in the county of Buncombe in this state.]

VARIETY.

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ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

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THE CRISTIAN.

The Christian possesses a great advantage in the contemplation of nature. He beholds unity in the midst of variety. He looks round on the changing scenery, and in every leaf of the forest, every blade of grass, every hill, every valley and every cloud of Heaven, he discovers the traces of *divine benevolence*. Creation is but a field spread before him for an infinitely varied display of *love*. This is the harmonizing principle, which reduces to unity and simplicity the vast diversity of nature; this is the perfection of the universe. It clothes in moral glory every object we contemplate. The Christian may be said to hear the music of the spheres. He hears suns and planets joining their melody in praise to their benignant Creator. *His* ear, and *his* alone, is tuned to his heavenly harmony. His soul is love.

ANECDOTE

Of the Rev. George Whitfield.

An intimate friend of the celebrated Hume, asked him what he thought of Mr. Whitfield's preaching; for he had listened to the

latter part of one of his sermons at Edinburgh:—‘He is, sir,’ said he, ‘the most ingenious preacher I ever heard; it is worth while to go twenty miles to hear him.’ He then repeated a passage towards the close of the discourse, which he had heard. ‘After a solemn pause, he thus addressed his numerous audience; ‘The attendant angel is just about to leave the threshold and ascended to heaven. And shall he ascend and not bear with him the news of one sinner, among all this multitude, reclaimed from the error of his ways?’ To give the greater effect to this exclamation, he stamped with his foot, lifted up his hands & eyes to heaven, and with gushing tears, cried aloud, ‘Stop Gabriel! Stop Gabriel! Stop; ere you enter the sacred portals, and yet carry with you the news of one sinner converted to God.’ He then, in the most simple, but energetic language, described what he called a Saviour’s dying love to sinful man; so that the whole assembly melted into tears. This address was accompanied with such animated, yet natural action, that it surpassed any thing I ever saw or heard in any other preacher.’

ANECDOTES.

The present cold weather has made a considerable improvement in *Female tactics*—They have now actually gone so far as to ‘re-cover arms.’

A Princess of Hungary once asked a Monk, who was a scholar and a wit, to explain to her the story of Balaam and the ass ; adding, ‘ good father I can hardly believe that an ass could be so talkative.’ ‘ Madam,’ replied the father, ‘ your scruples may cease, when you are informed it was a *Female*.’

When Themosticles went to Andros, to demand a loan of money he said—I bring two gods with me, *Force and Persuasion*.’ He was answered—‘ We have two stronger, *Want and Impossibility*.’

SOMETHING IMPORTANT!

As far as respects Editors and their Patrons.

AN EXTRACT.

Perhaps it may not be amiss to remember the printer in my discourse. He is in a very difficult and disagreeable situation. He trusts every body whom he knows not. His money is scattered every where, he hardly knows where to look for it. His paper, his labor and his living must all be punctually paid for. You Mr.—, and you Mr.—, and you Mr.—, and an hundred others, I could name, have taken Mr.—’s papers for some time—you, and your wives and children, and your neighbors, have been amused and informed, and I hope improved by it ; if you miss one paper you think

very hard of the printer or post for it, for you would rather go without your best meal, than without your paper ; have you ever complied with the condition of subscription ? Have you taken as much pains to furnish the printer with his money as he has to furnish you with his paper ? Have you furnished your mite to repay him for his ink, his paper, his type, his presses, his hand work, and his head work ?—If you have not—go—pay him off, “and sin no more.”

LADY'S MISCELLANY

NEW YORK, March 7, 1812.

*“ Be it our task,
To note the passing tidings of the times.*

EXTRAORDINARY SUICIDES.

The attention of the people of Berlin has lately been very much occupied by the tragical adventure of Mr. Kleist, the Prussian poet and Madame Vogel. The reports which were at first circulated with regard to the cause of this unfortunate affair, have been strongly contradicted by the family of the lady ; and it has been particularly denied that love was in any respect the cause of it. Madame Vogel, it is said, had suffered long under an incurable disorder : her physicians had declared her death inevitable : she herself had formed a resolution to put a period to her existence. Mr. Kleist, the poet, and a friend of her family, had also long determined to kill himself. These two unhappy beings having confidentially communicated to each other their horrible resolution, resolved to carry it into effect at the same time. They

repaired to the Inn at Williamstadt, between Berlin and Potsdam, on the border of the *Sacred Lake*. For one night & for one day they were preparing themselves for death, by putting up prayers, singing drinking & number bottles of wine and rum, and last of all by taking about sixteen cups of coffee. They wrote a letter to M. Vogel, to announce to him the resolution they had taken, and to beg him to come as speedily as possible, for the purpose of seeing their remains interred. The letter was sent to Berlin express. This done they repaired to the Banks of the *Sacred Lake* where they sat down opposite to each other. M. Kleist took a loaded pistol, and shot Madame Vogel through the heart, who fell back dead; he then reloaded the pistol and shot himself through the head. Soon after M. Vogel arrived and found them both dead. The public are far from admiring, or even of approving, this act of insanity. An apology for this suicide, by M. Peguilhen, Counsellor at War, has excited unanimous indignation among all who have the principles either of religion or morality. The Censorship has been blamed for having permitted the circulation of an account of this tragedy, in which the suicide and the murder were represented as sublime acts. Some have been gone so far as to express a wish to see M. Peguilhen punished for having, as a public functionary, preached up such principles. The husband has also been blamed for having given *eclat* to a catastrophe over which it would have been better to draw the thickest veil.

REBUS.

My form is neat, complete my dress,
The lips of lovely maids I press;
Yet when I'm kiss'd, I dare avow,
No pleasure from that kiss does flow.

Guess.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

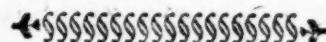
GERALDINE, ARTHUR, and a number of others shall be attended to in our next number.

E.

TO LET

From the first of May, part of the House, No. 28 Frankfort-Street, Enquire at this Office.

WANTED immediately, an Apprentice to the Printing business, apply at this office.



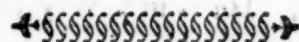
Married.

In New Jersey, Henry Force, to Miss Mary Sidman; Lewis Howell, to Miss Maria Condict; Amsey Crane, to Miss Harriot Cook; and Elias Carter, to Miss Electra Kitchel.

At Richmond, Capt. Isbon Benedict, of N. York, to Miss Frances W. Weymouth, eldest daughter of Capt. W. W. Weymouth.

Mr. John King, of Newtown, to Miss Patty Davis.

At Lenox, Alpheus Goodrich, esq. of the state of New York, to Miss Nancy Stocking.



Died.

At Springfield, N. Jersey, Col. Abraham Woolley, aged 57.

At Newark, Eliphilet Johnson.

In this City, Miss Isi Boiscaubin, of Morristown, N. Jersey.

On Tuesday afternoon last, Mrs. Mase M'Crea, wife of Mr. John M'Crea aged 36 years.

On Sunday morning last, after a short but painful illness, Mrs. Hester De Riemer, wife of Samuel De Riemer, Esq. Attorney at Law, and daughter of Nicholas N. Anthony.

On Sunday afternoon last, Mr. James Walsh.

On Wednesday last, Dr. Caleb Shreve, in the 43d year his age.

DEATH OF ERIN'S EXILES.

OLD IRISH MELODY

TUNE GRAMACHREE

WORDS BY J. MCREERTY.



The tears that burn on every cheek, And gush from ev'ry eye; The trembling lips that cannot speak What prompts the heaving sigh.

Tho' strong the mark our grief and woe, for those who'll ne'er return; How weak, alas! the pangs we show, with which our hearts are torn.

2

3

4

Ye youthful sons of Erin, weep,
Oh! yes—let tears be shed
Your two lov'd chiefs in silence sleep.
Rest with the mighty dead;
Go hang your harps on willow trees
Where night her shadow wings:
Some Sylph, or Fairy in the breeze
May lightly touch the strings.

*Vice-President and Treasurer of the 'Juvenile Sons of Erin.'

No—strike the sounding harp aloud
And sweep the chords along,
Their Ghosts delighted, from their cloud
Shall hear the patriot song;
Erewhile, which fir'd their souls with pride,
The song of liberty,
And toss'd the echoes far and wide
And boldly swept by many a bard
Ring 'Erin Gramachree.'



*"Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre,
The Muses sung in strains alternate."*

For the Lady's Miscellany.



The following lines were occasioned by reading a small work written by the Rev. John Stanford, entitled the **LORDS DAY.**

How has this work my soul inspir'd,
To keep my God's all just command ;
Tis Stanfords zeal, my soul has fir'd,
And pointed out his small demands.

Thy faith, and pious love will meet
In realms on high, a rich reward ;
Where seraphs smiles thy coming greet,
Thy Saviours love and blest regard.

The sacred truth thou dost impart,
That all like thee, might blessings share,
I will engrave it on my heart,
And for a happier world prepare.

Our adoration, holy; pure,
Is fram'd for none but God above ;
For him each pain should we endure,
And he alone possess our love.

But it is love, so chaste, divine,
Not such as we for mortals feel ;
Where e'er we turn his beauties shine,
And all his glory doth reveal.

Thou'st taught us to respect the day,
And reverence all our Lord's commands

With due submission to obey,
In thee, a faithful champion stands.

A kind redeemer's love is thine,
His instrument in thee I see ;
His grace I trace in ev'ry line,
That's written, worthy sir by thee.

NINA.

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